

BULL POT OF THE WITCHES

Skeletons..

Saturday - 5th January 2008

People present - Mike Skyrme, Mike White, Rick Pinches, Alex Ritchie

Weather – Cold but dry. Sunny on exit.

The first trip of the year and what a sight that greeted us at Bull Pot Farm. The path to Lancaster Hole resembled a mini river due to the volume of water dropped from the skies over the last few weeks. Much of this water veered off the path and from the roar emanating from the open pot, we began to imagine what the conditions were liable to be like – how wrong we were!

There was a lot of water flowing into the pot before cascading down the boulders into Roberts Passage which was the route followed – the idea being to head upstream before returning to look at the downstream end of the system.

Dropping down into Roberts passage we followed the stream down until it disappeared at the junction with Burnetts Passage. We progressed to the slot down into the hading rift before climbing back up into Gour Chamber. With all of us finally making it up the rift and into the chamber, some good photo's were taken of the usual stuff and a cool little luminous skeleton that someone had kindly left.

From here we dropped back in to the rift and traversed along before dropping back down to the stream beyond one of the sumps. Water levels were higher than last time I was here and no airspace was available in the duck so we decided this was the furthest we were going.

However, Alex kindly offered (press ganged) to enter the duck and lie around whilst I took some photos. As he was so wet at this point, and we were all relatively dryish, I asked (told) him to go and stand in the sump as well to make a photo of this more interesting.

After this we decided to head back to Gour Chamber to collect our belongings and head to the downstream end of the cave.

Once into the hading rift and traversing along, I stretched a little too far with my right leg when I suddenly felt a twang and excruciating pain. I lay for a moment until the pain subsided but with the others backing up behind me, I progressed and hauled myself out of the rift and back into Gour Chamber. I sat awhile and rubbed my knee until another twang sent shooting pains up my leg and left me (according to the other) ashen faced and feeling sick. Words stronger than “oh dear” were coursing through my mind as the others, obviously concerned decided that we should make for the exit.

After a while the pain subsided as we all slid into the rift and down to the bottom. I felt OK as long as I didn't lock my knee but slithering up the slot I had no option. So with much ooohing and jeeezusing and a lot of help from Alex (he makes a good foothold!) and the sudden appearance of my guardian angel above me (BPC Dan) who hauled me up the slot until I could do for myself, we made it back to Roberts Passage.

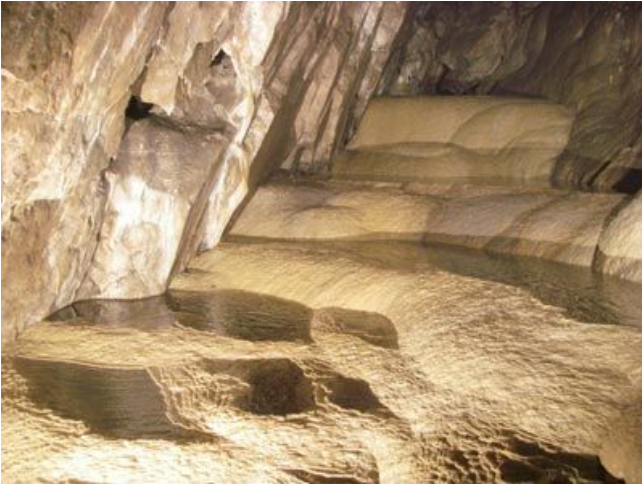
After a breather and a chat with Dan – who had lost his party, we parted company with him and our survey at the junction with Burnetts Passage and headed back up the boulder slope to the open pot. Some photo's were taken here before heading up South Chamber, where we met the rest of the BPC party and a little later Dan himself, before heading back up the chimney and out into a sunnier but cold, windy afternoon.

After a quick change we all retired to the open fires of the Whoop Hall and a refreshing drink.

Not the best way to start the new year, but we have all agreed to return soon to continue the trip to the downstream end and maybe if we're lucky a visit to the lower stream way which we felt would be strictly out of bounds at this moment in time.

Mike Skyrme

Photos - Mike Skyrme



A [Black Rose Caving Club](#) trip report.